

side inn, the scene of convivial gatherings and a rendezvous of the Green Mountain boys.

The following incident has been recorded by an early historian as occurring in 1775: A small detachment of British soldiers from the Crown Point fort under the leadership of Sergeant Darrow sought shelter at the Hendee house for the purpose of securing there the outlaw Seth Warner, for whose capture the "Yorkers" had offered a reward of £50. When Ethan Allen joined the company he was at once recognized by Darrow as a prize well worth securing, but, not daring to tackle one of his huge proportions, he planned to capture the two mountaineers after they were asleep. Suspecting his motive, Allen made himself agreeable to the company, keeping them merry by his wit, calling on Captain Hendee for "a gallon of spirits" for them all and proposing the health of the King in glass after glass of rum until he assumed a state of maudlin intoxication, which deceived even his less impetuous but no less brave confederate, Seth Warner. Considering him helpless, the conspirators boisterously assisted him, accompanied by Warner, to the barn to sleep, with the idea of easily capturing them there later. When alone with Warner Allen astonished his companion by the sober remark: "See if you can pull off my boots. There is more than a quart of rum in them."

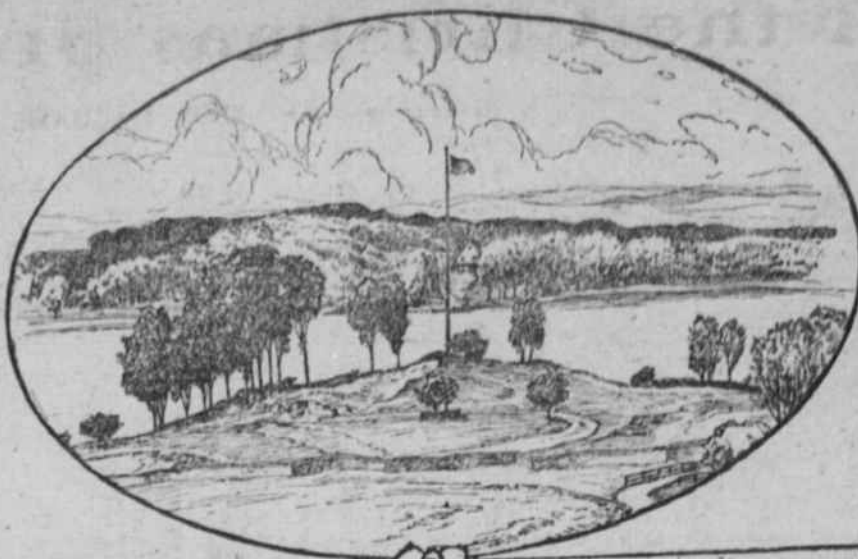
He further explained how, by buttoning up his high-collared coat, he had dashed the liquor down his bosom in plain sight of the unsuspecting company.

Their guns were smuggled to them by a friendly Indian, a member of the household. They quickly departed, and when Darrow and his men arrived at the barn they were chagrined to find their birds had flown. Thus did Yankee ingenuity save these two, who were to play such an important part in American history.

Considerably more than a century ago the Hendee house came into the possession of Azahel Barnes, a New Englander, who enlarged it to its present proportions, using the bricks of Fort St. Frederic ruins for that purpose. About the walls of the old fortress he placed a two-brick veneer, the walls of the greater fort inclosing the lesser, thus fittingly preserving to posterity undoubted proof of the French supremacy.

The present owner, Judge Millard F. Barnes, still residing in the home of his ancestors, a sincere custodian of the past, has preserved inviolate evidences of early days.

As one steps across the threshold of



Ruins of the flagship Congress, relic of Benedict Arnold's fleet. Above, Fort St. Frederic, and across the Narrows, Chimney Point, Lake Champlain, where is located the Hendee House

the low-ceilinged room of the old block-house he also treads the original rough hewn floor of the tavern, with its hand-wrought nails, and notes the quaint, low-backed chairs brought from Quebec, considered the oldest in America.

The most conspicuous object in the room, and of peculiar interest to-day, is the ancient bar, its two-toned panels kept

freshly painted in the original colors. Upon it rest invitingly crystal wine decanters, with odd pewter stoppers—the whole tantalizing to the beholder.

One may readily visualize in retrospect the stalwart form of Ethan Allen, undeterred by blue laws, enjoying here with his confreres the flip, applejack and fiery rum which were then freely dispensed, ac-

ording to the hospitality of the times. One also sees him playing the daring trick upon his enemies, which left him free to continue on his intrepid way to Ticonderoga and to victory.

It seems something more than a coincidence that only the other day Federal officers discovered a still in the vicinity of Fort Ethan Allen.

Thus are hooch and history associated!

In this room is the remarkably fine private collection of relics of early days, most of which were picked up on these premises. Among them are flint arrow heads of the Indians, even to-day washed up on the sandy shore; several tomahawks, the keystone brick of Fort St. Frederic, folding pewter candlesticks carried by Revolutionary officers, lamps of various sorts, using camphene, whale oil and kerosene, respectively, including a lantern with iainglass sides, and a complete assortment of weapons and ammunition up to the present day.

The quaint stairway leading to the second story, where in early days a ladder was drawn up as protection against Indian raids, shows plainly the contour of the original walls of the old fortress.

Passing into the kitchen of the old inn one finds as perfect an example of Colonial fireplace as exists to-day, with its Dutch ovens and iron crane, on which hang many cooking utensils of early usage. Among these is a huge copper kettle, with its accompanying brass ladle—a combination considered insanitary to-day.

In the rear of the house one finds what is perhaps the most interesting relic of all—the hull of the galley ship Congress, of Benedict Arnold's ill fated fleet.

It was in this ship that its commander made his brave, but ineffectual flight on July 12, 1775, when, pursued by the British under Carleton, he ran ashore in the bay which now bears his name, ten miles north of Chimney Point, and there sank his ships.

In the early '90s the galley was raised from its shallow bed by two citizens of Vermont, and was later purchased by Judge Barnes. In it were found articles now in his possession, including a wooden mallet, a pair of crudely made shears, hand grenades and many shells.

It is to be regretted that no proper steps have been taken by those interested in national history to preserve this relic now lying ingloriously among the weeds—the flagship of the first American fleet, which played its valiant part in that memorable struggle for independence which gives Americans to-day the right to call these beautiful shores their own.

Marty Sits In With Europe

By ROBERT B. PECK

"MAYBE we can get away with it," said Marty McMahon, the retired bartender, "but it looks to me like we hadn't oughta undertake to save Europe. Last time we sat in with 'em we saved our personal belongings an' kidded ourselves into thinkin' that our dignity wasn't a total loss, but it don't pay to take chances too often.

"One thing is certain, though—we gotta either do our savin' now or else make it as plain as Joe's widdier that we sworn off savin' Europe fer good. Just as long as we kinda hem an' haw about it an' go to messin' into their affairs here an' there, they'll be hankerin' to be saved.

"We won't get no thanks from nobody either way, so we might as well leave that outa our figurin' from the start. We'll get bawled out whether we undertake to help 'em or not. Either way we'll be a lotta dollar-chasin' Americans.

"What they'd really like, apparently, would be to have us cancel all the debts they owe us an' lend enough to Germany so Germany could pay up on the reparations we don't get no part of. Then they'd have cash enough on hand in a few years so they could begin to frame up another war.

"Goin' in wit' all that in mind, though, I don't say that we might not get away

with it. We wouldn't have no benevolent feelin's toward nobody an' we wouldn't mind the cracks they'd be makin' about us, but would just lay down the law an' say they could take it or leave it.

"That's the only way a bird that ain't got no interest in a squabble has any right to butt into it. It don't pay to undertake to settle no disputes just for the sake of fairness without you're prepared to act rough.

"The boss in the old place on Tenth Avenue wouldn't never referee no arguments an' no fights, either, without he done it wit' the nightstick that he kept under the bar by the beer pump, an' that's why there wasn't no place on the avenue that was more refined or homelike than what his was.

"The only birds that ever run into any trouble there was strangers that didn't know how the boss run it. When they got outa Bellevue they either stayed away or else they let the boss run things.

"If we go sittin' at any council table in Europe, like some o' these birds say we oughta, we wanta have the old nightstick tucked away under the table an' not be slow in usin' it. We don't need to be afraid that we'll crack the head of anybody that's liable to say somethin' nice about us."

A Short College Course

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family names. One puts his son on an allowance and warns him to pay as he goes. Another tells his heir to charge everything and send all bills home once a month. Well, the result is always the same. The pay-as-you-go student pays, but he doesn't go to the right places. In the other case the bills are sent home all right, but there is always a great, looming cloud of left-overs which crash down after graduation, after a solemn assurance has been given that all accounts are in. It is so easy to forget that cursed clothes pressing bill, particularly when you have prom week ahead of you and violets are \$2 a hundred. But the old bills persist. Some of them live to a ripe old age and follow you about during the early years of your career. The haberdasher and bootmaker reproachfully remind you of your last mad, glad year, when you had boots and suits made to order by the smartest outfitters!

Only yesterday I read a passage in the letter of a college dean to his department. It was addressed especially to the fresh-

men and urged them "not to pay for anything in advance," lest they be cheated. I showed it to a merchant friend in the aforesaid college town. He burst into howls of mirth.

"In advance," he shrieked. "Ye gods, they never pay at all! It's the fathers who pay. Why, don't you remember, George, when you graduated?"

I silenced him sternly. The memory is still too painful. But I know what to expect. Let me advise other Fathers to be reasonable, too. When your son tells you he would like so much to subscribe to the symphony concerts sign along the dotted line and ask no questions. Swallow books, chemistry fees, foreign missions, endowment fund and all without gulping. Put it all down to charity. That's what it really is. Go through the final adjustment with patience and forbearance, and, when after all is supposed to be settled, don't forget to remember that it is easy to forget. During my last reunion I met a classmate in the courtyard of the dormitory where we had both lived.

"Know what I just heard?" he said. "Old John Hadley, our sweep, remember? Well, he died yesterday."

John's name reminded me of something I hadn't thought of for twenty years. I still owed him \$3!

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